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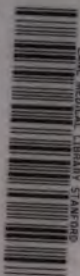
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GLADYS NORTH, Viola

LILLIAN LITTLEHALES, Violoncello

FRANZ LISZT, Andante
(From D minor Quartet)

FRANZ LISZT, Minuet

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Dr. William Osler

Introductory Remarks by the Chairman

THE Women's Medical Association has invited you to-night to join with it in honoring the name and memory of a woman physician. Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi's interest extended over the entire field of medicine. Her practice and experience were greatest in general medicine. It is fitting that one of the most prominent living authorities in this branch and one in whose rounded ability she had the keenest personal enjoyment should be the first to pay tribute to her memory to-night, Dr. William Osler.

Dr. Osler :

THAT most universal factor in life, that heliotropism by which animals and plants turn towards the light is no less potent in the sphere of mind and morals. Instinctively, often unconsciously, we turn towards the light that lightens the lives of those who stand as beacons in the fairway of human progress. The

value, indeed, of a human life may be gauged by the influence, the heliotropic potency which it exercises on its fellows. Position, wealth, reputation are as nothing in comparison with this truly solar gift of calling out the best that is in those about us.

To many in this country she, to whose memory we do honor to-night, stood as a bright particular star in the firmament of the profession.

When Mary Putnam returned from Europe with a Paris medical degree and a training in scientific medicine unusual at that date even among men, the status of women as doctors was still unsettled. Between the open hostility of the many and the half-hearted sympathy of the few, the position of those in the profession was a most unenviable one. That in the past quarter of a century the long battle has been won is due less to a growing tolerance among physicians at large, less to the persistence with which obvious rights have been asserted, than to the presence of a few notable figures who have demonstrated the capacity of women for the

highest intellectual development and who have compelled recognition by the character of work accomplished in the science and in the art of medicine.

Among these figures Mary Putnam Jacobi stands prominent. In the first place, the scope of her education gave her a stamp and standing and made her a force to be reckoned with.

I recall vividly the first occasion of our meeting. It was at the medical section of the American Medical Association in New York, 1880. From that time I became interested in her and in her work, and read with care papers and reviews in Seguin's *Archives* and in other journals which soon gave her a high position among American writers. It is no disparagement to her contemporaries to say that no other woman in the profession equalled her in the ability with which she presented a subject. The scientific character of her numerous contributions gave a new distinction to the work of women physicians in this country, and contributed not a little to allay that strong animus which for so long kept them out of schools and medical

societies. That almost everywhere the door is now open is due largely to her influence exerted unconsciously in this way. With such a training and with so keen a mind it is a great regret that the conditions here were not such as to allow her to follow a scientific career.

For years I have been awaiting the advent of the modern Trotula, a woman in the profession with an intellect so commanding that she will take rank with the Harveys, the Hunters, the Pasteurs, the Virchows, and the Listers. That she has not yet arisen is no reflection on the small band of women who have joined our ranks in the past fifty years. Stars of the first magnitude are rare, but that such a one will arise among women physicians I have not the slightest doubt. And let us be thankful that when she comes she will not have to waste her precious energies in the worry of a struggle for recognition. She will be of the type of mind and training of Mary Putnam Jacobi ; her victory will be not on the practical but on the scientific side, in which many new avenues are open to women, much more attractive and suit-

able than in general or special practice to which heretofore they have been restricted.

That a larger proportion of women than of men are unfit for practice, will, I think, be acknowledged ; on the other hand, a relatively larger proportion of the former are adapted to scientific work, and it is a most encouraging feature to see so many women taking up laboratory life. In chemistry, histology, pathology, embryology, bacteriology, and even in anatomy, the work which they are doing is everywhere attracting attention. Here they meet men as equals, since what they lack in initiative and independence is counterbalanced by a more delicate technique, a greater patience with minutiae, and a greater mastery of detail. In the scientific life, too, woman escapes those little rebuffs and slights so trying to a sensitive nature, and to which it is not good for a woman to become so hardened that they do not hurt. Then, too, in science to-day she is sure of a generous recognition of a good bit of work, and that means much to all of us.

Others will deal fully with the published

work of Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi, and justice to the many activities in her active career. It has been a pleasure and a privilege to me to bear testimony to the influence her character has had in the completion of the emancipation of women in our profession, and to the splendid example of her life to students of medicine.

Dr. Elizabeth M. Cushier

Dr. Elizabeth M. Cushier

Introductory Remarks by the Chairman

UPON her return from Paris, Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi found a little group of women in Second Avenue devoting themselves to the study of medicine. Among them she immediately cast her lot. Of those days of small things, out of which greater have grown and will grow, no one is better able to tell than her friend these many years, Dr. Elizabeth Cushier.

Dr. Cushier:

As there are many here this evening so well fitted to pay tribute to the character and influence of Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi, I shall only bring to that tribute a few words from an experience in working by her side, which it was my privilege to do in the early days.

When Dr. Putnam came from her medical studies in Paris, it was after exceptional opportunities, and most thorough training. These advantages, together with her high ideals in regard to the practice of medicine, lent such

zeal and enthusiasm to her work as to be to many of us a revelation.

Nothing to her, if worth doing, was too small to be done without the best thought. Nothing so large, but that it should be striven for in the hope of its accomplishment, if it promised ultimate good. There was no faltering or turning aside because of obstacles, these indeed seeming but to add to her endeavors. Her untiring effort and determination to do and to have things done—at whatever cost of time and thought—in the way which was to her the only, because the best way, extended itself to her work with others, and she expected from them the same zeal. This came as a surprise to those with whom she was at first associated, and her exactions not infrequently led on their part to opposition. This opposition, however, often ended in their increased loyalty to the work before them, and devotion to the one who had inspired it.

In regard to the *results* of her work Dr. Putnam was most exacting; and critical as she was of others her severest criticisms were re-

served for herself. She was never satisfied. There was always a better than her best, a higher than her highest to be striven for ; and in this striving she was not influenced by personal ambition, but by the higher object—the truth to be attained.

It was this same spirit which led to her rejoicing in the success of others, and to her generosity toward them when victory was theirs instead of her own.

To her students, Dr. Putnam taught the value of well-directed effort for itself alone. No amount of time was too great, no labor too arduous to devote to their interest. She exacted in return care and thought and scientific accuracy. She would not tolerate superficial methods, while for honest, intelligent effort, her appreciation was unbounded, and her encouragement and help always ready. She stimulated others to do the best in their power, and made them realize through her own ideals the greatness of the work which was before them.

All of us who were associated with Dr.

Putnam, know well the tenacity with which she met opposition when she believed right to be on her side, and with what courage and zeal—often against obstacles from those who did not appreciate the underlying principle—she would battle for an idea.

There were none, however, more ready to admit an error, or to yield more gracefully and generously, when proven in the wrong.

It was these moral qualities in Dr. Putnam Jacobi, together with her straightforward honesty of purpose, and her fearlessness in acting upon her convictions, which so strongly impressed itself upon her associates; and while her sparkling wit and intellectual brilliancy is to those who knew her a treasured memory, it was the nobleness of her character, which made the world better and wiser because of her having lived in it, that is her best legacy; and the realization of it, our highest tribute to her.

Dr. Felix Adler



Dr. Felix Adler

Introductory Remarks by the Chairman


SECOND in importance to the medical labor of Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi was her educational work, both general and medical. From her "Essay on an Experiment in Primary Education" to an address delivered in 1883 to the graduating class of the Woman's Medical College, and her introductory lecture at the opening of the Post-Graduate Medical School, runs the main idea of the absolute necessity of education. Her interest in the manual training for school children corresponded with her endeavor to establish clinical bedside instruction for the medical student and practitioner. Among the societies held dear by Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi was the Alumnæ Association of the 12th Street Public School for Girls. As an exponent of this universal need of education the country and city owe a debt of gratitude to Professor Felix Adler.

Dr. Adler:

IT is customary on such occasions as this to speak of "paying a tribute" to the departed; but this is a somewhat inaccurate expression.

The dead are gone from us beyond our praising, or, for that matter, our blaming. Rather should it be the object of such memorial exercises to serve the survivors. And that in two ways: one that concerns the immediate friends, and the other the public.

The ancient Egyptians had the poetic custom of attaching to the name of a friend after he had passed out of the visible the epithet "Osiris." So that if a man had been called Menkara in life he would after his death be called Osiris Menkara to indicate that he had become united in his nobler essence to Osiris the Sun God, the God of Light. It seems to me that one object of such a meeting as this is to attach, as it were, the epithet of Osiris to our friend; that is to say, to single out the sunny qualities of her character, the excellent qualities, for perpetual preservation. We are to dismiss from our minds all that was merely transient, all that was merely a part of the general frailty of human nature, not exaggerating the good, yet idealizing in the sense of fastening attention on that in her which was ideal.



Now there are two suggestions that I wish to make: One relates to a distinction she drew in one of her writings which I was permitted to read before coming here this evening, and which seems to me significant of her personal life—the distinction, namely, between the unique and the supreme. There is a difference, she says, between the unique and the supreme which is often overlooked. There are women, for instance, whose unique interest is emotional or affectionate, who live wholly engrossed in their love; and there are others in whom the human interest is supreme and yet not unique, supreme in the sense that it informs all other interests, and yet does not obliterate or depreciate them. It seems to me the latter statement applies to her. Her intellectual life was keen, her intellectual interests were varied, and yet the humane interest remained supreme. This manifested itself in her tender sympathy for suffering, in her active response to every good cause, and especially in her extreme readiness to extend help and advice to the younger members of her

profession, and in the high standard she held up to those who looked up to her for guidance.

And the other thought I would suggest is this: There is a duty for the public to perform. The significance of these exercises is preservation, conservation of what was excellent. There is a duty on the part of the public not only to conserve the memory of such a life, but to continue its influence, and especially to take up that which was unfulfilled in it, that which was aspiration, noble and true aspiration, and for her sake and in her memory to carry those aspirations—provided that the best men and women approve of them—to their fulfilment. Here I have specially in mind her educational ideal for women physicians, her great hope, her great desire that they should not only have a fair, full, and perfectly open opportunity in their undergraduate medical work, but also that opportunities for post-graduate work and practice be extended to them, which are now so grudgingly and so inadequately afforded. I trust therefore that

this meeting in memory of Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi will bear practical fruit. I am glad to learn that the Memorial Committee proposes that a fellowship—a memorial fellowship—shall be created for the purpose of opening to women medical students opportunity for post-graduate practice and study ; and, as one of the public, one who in a way here represents the general public, let me express the hope that the response of the public to this appeal may be prompt and adequate.



Mrs. Florence Kelley

Mrs. Florence Kelley

Introductory Remarks by the Chairman

TO the social condition of the people, and especially women, Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi paid much attention. Twenty years ago, she lectured to a group of working women in old Pythagoras Hall, in Canal Street, upon the necessity of trade organization. In those days to meet factory girls on their own ground—Pythagoras Hall was the property of the Knights of Labor—was very different from the present-day intercourse with the working people.

From these meetings in Pythagoras Hall grew the Working Women's Society, in whose rooms and from whose members came the Consumers' League, of which Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi was for many years a vice-president. In 1894, the political condition of women aroused intense interest in Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi. The final result of this was her book, *Common Sense Applied to Woman Suffrage*. In 1896, in Athens, the Queen of Greece, in a long interview with Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi, enquired closely into the social and political condition of the American woman. The queen was greatly interested, and asked the doctor to send her all the literature she

could on the subject. A co-worker in these subjects for many years has been Mrs. Florence Kelley.

Mrs Kelley:

It is a noble though a very sorrowful privilege to try, however inadequately, to express the debt which we, who are not of the medical profession, owe to Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi.

Every student who has since gone abroad has profited, consciously or unconsciously, by the dignity as well as the brilliancy of Dr. Jacobi's career as a student in Paris.

Consciously or unconsciously, every woman who has enlisted on behalf of an unpopular cause in this city, in all these years, has profited by the moral courage and the splendid intellectual intrepidity which distinguished every year of Dr. Jacobi's mature life.

If I may be permitted to speak on behalf of women who work, it has to be confessed that in this country they have not fared well during the past twenty years. They have not been given power to defend their own rights as in some of the more progressive English-speaking countries. Nor have they been

granted protection as workers and as women, as in England and the more enlightened nations of the continent of Europe. They have received neither an extension of right nor any adequate protection. In this State, not many years ago, a federal judge held that a woman is not a citizen in the sense that she can vote. Within the past month, in this city, the Supreme Court has held that a working woman *is* a citizen in the sense that she cannot by statute be protected even in the moderate degree involved in prohibiting the manufacturer who employs her from requiring her to work in his factory between nine o'clock at night and six in the morning. For the purpose of protecting their own interests women in this State are not citizens. When, however, the attempt is made to protect their health by industrial legislation, they are told that this is impossible, because, to this extent, they are citizens. Thus they have neither political rights nor statutory protection.

The dominant quality of Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi's mind, from her precociously intel-

lectual childhood on, was readiness to follow whithersoever reason, her own reason, enlightened as well as it was possible for her to enlighten it from year to year, might lead. That led her into the suffrage movement before the Constitutional Convention of 1894. That led her to lend herself, her splendid gifts, most generously to help the women who work, in their early efforts to achieve trade organizations.

It is impossible to estimate the loss to the working women of this city, this State, and this nation inflicted by Dr. Jacobi's too early departure. Had fate permitted her to finish the task which the splendid energy of her youth and middle life promised, our position would, I am convinced, in one vitally important respect, be far more favorable. To-day we stand among the civilizations alone in our sorry lack of a literature of the relation of industry to disease and death. But for the unkind fate which has deprived us of her active help in these last years, it would surely not have been possible for the Supreme Court

of New York to say within a month : " It has not been shown to us, we have not been made aware that there is anything in the physical or nervous constitution of women which makes it more injurious for them to be required to work throughout the night than for men to be required so to work."

When those who have taken upon themselves the duty of speaking for the young working women engaged in manufacture and commerce turned to the literature of medicine to meet this statement, the fact became obvious that there exists no such literature. We have not in America a medical literature of the relation of labor to disease and death.

There should, of course, be generous memorial scholarships to enable women to follow in the footsteps of Dr. Jacobi in the medical profession. It is incumbent upon us all to carry forward as best we may the work to which for so many years she devoted faithful effort. She was, however, never content merely to go forward with that which was well begun. She was a pioneer in Paris, a pioneer in her

practice, a pioneer in much of the teaching contained in the little volume, *Common Sense Applied to Woman Suffrage*. She was a pioneer among physicians in going among working women not merely to cure, but to help *them* to change industrial conditions which create the need for cure, to help *them* make conditions of work such that disease and death need not be forced upon them. No mere bestowal of money, no gifts of buildings in memory of Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi could be so characteristic, so in line with her own versatile effort, as the founding of such a literature, to which—had she been spared—she would certainly have contributed, that literature of “industry and disease” in which we are so shamefully, and, in the case of working women to-day, so tragically lacking.

Dr. Charles L. Dana

Dr. Charles L. Dana

Introductory Remarks by the Chairman

DR. MARY PUTNAM JACOBI'S interest in the diseases of the nervous system and the insane had been aroused during the years in the Paris school. She was an early and ardent advocate of the necessity of having a woman resident-physician in every insane asylum. She served well the neurological society. As chairman associated with her in various medical societies and in the Faculty of Medicine in the Woman's Medical College in 1882 was Dr. Charles L. Dana.

Dr. Dana :

My recollections of Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi go back almost to the beginning of her teaching in New York. In 1882, or thereabouts, I was made Professor of Physiology in the Woman's Medical College of the New York Infirmary, and I had a seat in the Faculty where Dr. Jacobi held the Chair of Therapeutics. We used to meet at the evening Faculty meetings at the house of Dr. Blackwell. Dr. Jacobi had


already a distinguished reputation, and I was interested in her as a celebrity, and was attracted to her by her alertness of mind, her cordiality and interest in our educational work, and her wide medical knowledge. I had always the feeling that she ought to be the Professor of Physiology instead of myself, and this was not caused by what she said, only by what I knew she had accomplished. Our Faculty meetings were harmonious affairs; I have never attended any since where so much was done with so little talking. They could hardly be otherwise where such persons as Dr. Blackwell, Dr. Cushier, and Dr. Jacobi dominated. I only remember Dr. Jacobi's standing grievance that our students were not allowed as internes in the hospitals, and were rather begrudged admittance to the clinics. It used to fall to me to escort the doctor home—not, as she assured me, that she needed any conventionality like that. But I think we rather liked each other. It was not only that I admired so much her attainments, while she justly had a conservative

opinion of mine ; but she had such a keen sense of humor, such a suggestive wit, and such a readiness and ingenuity of argument, that it was not very surprising that I should walk home with her nights when I could, in preference to old Dr. Janes, of blessed memory and Professor of Hygiene. Our official relations ceased in about four years, during which time we formed a friendly intimacy which lasted through life. I think Dr. Jacobi must have felt a little responsibility in my activities and career. I never achieved a position or made an address, or published a paper, which, if it had any apparent importance, did not bring out from her a note to me of kindly praise, mingled often perhaps with some query or ingenious criticism. For Dr. Jacobi, though the most querying and knowledge-thirsty of women, was the least critical in the sense of being a relentless searcher after faults or a cynical student of the work of her contemporaries. She just saw things very clearly herself, and rather wondered why others could not do the same. I think she was a keener

observer of life than she got credit for, at least, by those not her intimates. There were several bits of shrewd comment and worldly advice she dropped into my ears in early days, which had a real influence upon me. I usually forgot advice, but somehow things she said stuck by me. I wish she had written more on just the human side of medicine.

In later years, my association with Dr. Jacobi was rather casual and never very intimate, but always cordial. She was the kind of person one always liked to meet, for she had some socratic inquiry to put or some new point of view to unfold.

She always seemed to have a particular desire to stand well in neurology. This is a difficult science, and was not taught in the schools in her early days. So she came to the Post-Graduate School and patiently listened to some of my lectures and went in and worked in the dispensary with some of my colleagues. She did the same at the Polyclinic with Dr. Sachs, and she was a regular attendant at the Neurological Society. A large proportion of her



medical papers were neurological. I do not think Dr. Jacobi wanted to let any medical specialty get the best of her. She certainly learned neurology, and she spoke to the papers read, always with interest, and always with point and brevity, though she never was at her best in public medical discussion. It was a just recognition of her ambition that she was finally made chairman of the Section on Neurology of the Academy of Medicine.

It is not my purpose to speak of Dr. Jacobi's contributions to medicine, or of her standing and eminence as a practitioner. I do not know her work intimately enough to speak as one should on this point.

I feel sure of this only, that it was her character, and the influence upon the community of such a woman following the profession of medicine, that will constitute her greatest memorial. Dr. Jacobi was a woman with talents almost amounting to genius, joined to the highest ideals in the practice of her art and in the conduct of life. Therefore, that such a woman became a doctor, ennobled the calling and

made it an easier and more dignified thing for women later to follow it. This is what we medical men all felt about her irrespective of her specific scientific accomplishments.

We all liked Dr. Jacobi very much as a woman and as a woman physician. She had no pettiness or jealousies that we could ever discover. I never heard her speak harshly of any one, and I never heard any one speak harshly of her. What she won she won fairly and because her talents commanded it, and we recognized it.

Perhaps the warmest encomium I ever sent her was over a story she wrote. I have a liking for and interest in doctors with literary gifts. I admired hers and told her so. I do not think the value of her extra medical literary work is appreciated. It may be alluded to to-night. I have a feeling that, if it is not her greatest work, it may last the longest. Just as Professor Meynert, of Vienna, while living was world-famous for his anatomy, but now we are told his poems will outlive his technical treatises.

I do not like to allude to her last illness be-

cause it was so pathetic; the more so because **she** bore herself so bravely and uncomplainingly. I never visited her without a commotion **of** the heart. She sent me one day—it was **then** in the seventh year of her ten-year-long **illness**—a story of her symptoms, that was so **lucid**, so objective, and yet so human, that it **would** be a classic in medical writing. Happily **she** did not suffer greatly, especially in the later **years**.

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and titles, including the names of the authors and the titles of the works. The list is organized in a table with two columns: the first column contains the names of the authors, and the second column contains the titles of the works. The names are written in a stylized, cursive script, and the titles are written in a similar script. The list is organized in a table with two columns: the first column contains the names of the authors, and the second column contains the titles of the works. The names are written in a stylized, cursive script, and the titles are written in a similar script.

Richard Watson Gilder

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Richard Watson Gilder

Introductory Remarks by the Chairman

MANY of Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi's writings exist from her ninth year on ; many are only fragments, essays, and stories, all filled with thoughts on the meaning of life expressed in a more or less childish vein, but nearly always in language with a trace of natural eloquence. Her education had been fragmentary. During the earlier years, her instruction had been received chiefly from her mother. Her mother's method was to make her read aloud good literature. At eighteen she applied for a position to teach English in a school, and filled it with success. Much reading of nothing but the best, and a clear knowledge of the Bible being her substitute for modern training. When Dr. Jacobi was sixteen she wrote a story called *Found and Lost*, which impressed Mr. Putnam as worth publishing. It was accepted by the *Atlantic Monthly* and published in April, 1860. Eighty dollars was paid for it ; Mr. Putnam changed the check into five dollar gold pieces, and first gave Mary one, which she thought ample payment, when fifteen more followed gradually. Her astonishment was immense. To the day of her death

she always thought that gold was the one medium to give a money gift, because the gold seemed to be the apples from Hesperides, the true medium of a joyful surprise. The difficulties and delights of literary work no one better understands than Mr. Richard Watson Gilder.

Mr. Gilder :

THE other day I read a letter of mine written in 1871—nearly thirty-six years ago—in which I vented a youthful resentment at what I thought an unappreciative public reference to a just published essay by a young American woman. I said that I had “great respect and considerable contempt” for the periodical in which the criticism appeared ; and I added that I thought the article needed no defence, for it “was one of the ablest ever printed in an American magazine.”

I have just been looking again at that article ; and, bearing in mind all the essays that have appeared in all the magazines which have sprung up, stayed up, and passed down since, and not being sure, either, whether or not all its conclusions will bear the test of time, I still am inclined to think that this same essay is

“one of the ablest ever printed in an American magazine.” It was published in the old *Scribner's*, the predecessor of the *Century*, for August, 1871, and entitled “Some of the French Leaders: The Provisional Government of the Fourth of September.” The young woman who wrote it was “Mary C. Putnam, M.D.” It is hard to see how any one can read it without being impressed by its intellectual grasp; its clarity; its grim and elucidating wit. Of a certain all too literary statesman—an imitator of Lamartine—the essayist remarks: “He so burned to save Society, Humanity, Philosophy, Religion, Poesy, Art, that the simple business consigned to his fidelity was almost lost in the glow of his universal enthusiasm.” And again—delightfully—he “was not always free from a certain feminine coquetry in the manner in which he excited alarm for the purpose of soothing it to rest again.” Of a prominent general she cuttingly declared: “A man who distinguishes himself more highly outside of his profession than in it, is rarely a distinguished member of the craft to which he belongs”; note that she says

rarely—not always. Then she adds, concerning the general : “ It was . . . unfortunately possible that the sagacious critic, like the critical orator, might, at the most important moment find himself paralyzed at the reflex influence of his own inefficacious speech.” On a philosophic leader she tersely commented : “ His philosophy was so comprehensive that it embraced every side of everything.” Of her description of this same philosopher I must quote another characteristic passage :


“ This, then, was the radical vice in M. Jules Simon’s philosophy,—that he did not believe in it. This homœopathic dilution of Cousin, Jouffroy, and Royer-Collard ; this vaporous eclecticism that reposes on the cardinal principle of not having any vital principle whatever ; this immense Missouri Compromise between everything that anybody had ever believed and its diametrical opposite ; this modern bulwark of failing faith,—soft, tender, and trembling as might be a bulwark of jelly ; this conciliation effected between Catholicism, Spiritualism, Materialism, Positivism, Atheism, and Pantheism ;

this admission of everything except the necessity of a foundation for belief, that should be not only unshaken, but unshakable ; this preservation of doctrine under a glass case, ticketed with the warning to keep hands off the fragile fossil ; this reduction of faith to a social convention ; this hatred of living ideas because of their life, and this sickly tenderness for the shadows of the dead,—it is evident that in all this was to be found small material to meet the rude necessities of a crisis boiling over with passion. As well hope to arrest or direct a torrent of lava, that bursts from the crater of Vesuvius, by the chill embrace of a mountain mist floated down from the Highlands of Scotland.”

The writing of this young woman seems to me more than brilliant. It has sterling qualities beneath the surface. Her story, “A Sermon at Notre Dame,” published still earlier, in *Putnam's Monthly* for 1869, gives one the impression not merely of keen observation and clear and illuminating expression, but of the rarer trait of imagination.

If these and other writings of hers on subjects not medical thus impress the reader, is it not fair to infer that, had it not been for her stronger drawings in another direction, our literature might have been enriched by writings of great exactness and reach of thought ; of wit that cut to the quick ; having traits of thorough scholarship, of imagination, of human sympathy ?

While working in Paris at her medical studies, she received an invitation from her beloved father to send frequent articles to his magazine. Her answer showed that she felt in herself ample capacity for literary expression ; and full ability to respond worthily to the trustful invitation ; though not with the frequency which he at first desired. She had, by coincidence, at the very moment sent him an article which she wished to see published ; and in answer to his letter she laid down a scheme for half a dozen important papers ; a scheme which showed a most mature and advanced view of current tendencies of life and thought. Though unflinchingly contemplating eighteen months of



work in this direction, without interruption to her medical studies, her modesty induced her to express, along with her sufficient fondness for writing, her sense of lack of confidence in her own powers, and, what I find more significant, "a real dread of becoming a literary physician." Such men, said she in writing to her father, "are never worth anything for medicine or science."

Whether she was right or wrong about "literary physicians"—and perhaps she may have modified her opinion on this subject later, in view of certain apparent exceptions,—at any rate, notwithstanding her then desire and intention to write, and thus "supplement her income," she certainly was more strongly drawn to medicine than to letters ; and we can only guess how much she might have attained if she had given her heart solely or largely to essay and fiction. Perhaps we lost an essayist of rank ; perhaps a writer of American romance of the learning and high seriousness of George Eliot. This can never be known.

It is for others to say what were her attain-

ments in her deliberately chosen field. Of this last I cannot expertly judge, though I may be able, as a layman, to detect some of the traits that marked her character—traits which showed in what she did actually perform in *belles-lettres*; traits which influenced her choice of her life-work, and which throughout distinguished her rare personality.

In reading some of her intimate letters to her family, as I have had the privilege of doing, and remembering her as I knew her, I recognize in Mary Putnam Jacobi—what those who knew her closest felt most deeply—a dedication to the work of helping her fellow-mortals. There was not a touch of sentimentality about her, and there was little or nothing of self-consciousness in this dedication; but her sentiment for humanity, I think, was her very life. Her kindness to individuals,—some of us know well how deep, how patient, how thorough was that,—the helping hand to him who needed it then and there,—this was only a naturally recurring manifestation of the large, embracing helpfulness. She would help her neighbor, she

would, according to her convictions, serve her sex, in the same spirit in which, with the glance of imagination, she would seek to help her race. And all these things she would do, in a womanly way, in the spirit of exact scholarship, in the method of science, quietly, persistently,—with intense and remorseless application.


It was not merely that she herself might have the solid basis for a scientific career that she braved the unknown dangers of a pioneer in the strange world of Paris.

In a letter to her "dearest little mother," written in January, 1868, she says: "How foolish to dream that man lives by anything but ideas! Where these are, everything is life; where they are absent, everything is monotony, ennui, and death. . . . I believe I told you of receiving a letter from an unknown lady, who expressed the greatest interest in my medical enterprise and desire to see me. I went, the other evening. She is a little artist, evidently poor, living with a charming elderly cousin in a disagreeable part of the city, evidently quite in the shady side of life. But an abstract

idea like that of social reform by the superior education of women was like food and drink to her; she talked much and well; she rejoiced in seeing a person who was carrying out the idea, as in old times hidden scholars rejoiced in meeting each other by stealth and conferring on secrets unfit for the appreciation of the world."

And what a plucky, pathetic little figure it was—this new Jeanne d'Arc, fighting the battle not only of her own intellectual needs, but also the battle and the cause of the woman physician, in the Paris of the late sixties of the nineteenth century. Here is what Clarence Cook wrote to the New York *Tribune* about it,—mentioning no name, mark you, for he knew the girl too well:

"The first application was made to a certain Professor for permission to enter his dissecting room. The request made through a friend, was granted. Miss—— thought herself happy, when, lo! a letter comes saying that Professor S. had taken it for granted that Miss —— would attend the classes in men's clothes.




Down went the plucky little American heart to its owner's heels. Men's clothes! The thought had never entered her head. The next day she saw the Professor, or one she took for him, passing across the court. She walked up to him and introduced herself, saying that she understood he wished to speak to her."

The good Professor, it seemed, was thinking of the precedent of an English lady, an artist, who had wished to study anatomy and had been admitted in men's attire. At this, the little American lady "looked up from her short five feet to his towering six, and, throwing out her arms, exclaimed: 'Why, Monsieur, look at my littleness! Men's clothes would only exaggerate it; I should never be taken for a man, and the objection to mixing with the students would be increased a hundred fold.' Struck by her earnestness and her simplicity, the good Professor—for the rest, a famous man—at once gave her the permission she demanded. Still, this was not the medical school, and that was her aim. What, then, was her delight when one day the same Professor said to her, 'But,

why don't you enter the school?' 'But, Sir, that I am told, is impossible!' 'By no means. Make your application. It will be granted.' And, for sequel, there she sits to-day, on the bench with two young men, passing the fourth examination, and sailing past her companions in the race, as if she were born to the water, and they were canary birds."

How generously and delicately this brave girl-adventurer was treated by the students and the faculty of those days,—let this never be forgotten, to the honor of all the Frenchmen who then studied and taught in this great school. Let this be remembered, along with the story of the scholarly triumphs of the earnest young creature herself; her winning of the highest commendations bestowed upon successful students. "Of course," she wrote to her mother, "I have met with opposition to going to some places, the lectures, and certain clinics at the largest hospitals. But wherever I have been received it has always been on the most agreeable footing. I receive a certain special treatment, composed of the frankness with



which a physician generally treats his students, the deference and politeness due to a woman, and the consideration accorded to a rather small person in a very large place where he has to encounter many difficulties. I find this composite reception exceedingly charming." In the same letter, written in 1867, she spoke—and it is pleasant to preserve the record—of "the uninterrupted happiness" that had been granted to her "for the first twenty-four years" of her life.

As I have said, she was doing it not for her own fame solely; not merely for the sake of the honorable name she bore; not with prescience of the other honorable name which later was to be linked with her own. She was, almost without knowing it, from the beginning strengthened, sustained, inspired by that sentiment of altruism which grew with her years, and which was the profound motive of her entire career—a career as successful and renowned as it was generous and beautiful in spirit. Mary Putnam Jacobi—one of the nobilities, one of the ideals of our later times; a

name and a fame uniquely significant, but to be happily grouped in memory and honor with Alice Freeman Palmer, with Josephine Shaw Lowell, and the like of them living and dead; and, on the side of citizenship, with the name of him (the lifelong associate of her eminent companion), the great orator, leader, statesman, Carl Schurz,—who, but a little while before her, passed into the company of the immortals.

One Rose of Song

In Memory of M. P. J.

ONE rose of song
For one sweet deed
On her grave I fling.
But, O, how can I sing
When she takes no heed !

My rose of song
For a fragrant deed
Though she takes no heed
Still must I bring.

Though she needs no praise,
Though she hears not my song
On her journey long
In the new strange ways,—
O still must I sing,
My rose I must fling,
Just to ease my heart
Of the sorrow and smart.

In a far-off land
She stretched forth her hand
To me and to mine.

And now, for a sign,
This song I sing
And this rose I bring.

Though she take no heed
On her journey long,
Yet a soul shall hear,
Some soul shall take heed,
And the rose and the deed,
They shall sow their seed.

R. W. GILDER.

JANUARY 7, 1907.

Dr. Emily Blackwell
(By Letter)

Dr. Emily Blackwell

Introductory Remarks by the Chairman

UPON her return from the Paris school, Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi found the Women's Medical College struggling for an existence, and at once became a member of its faculty. She had been urged to bring her Paris message to Edinburgh and join the faculty there. She lectured in the college during the session of 1871 on *materia medica*. At that time the faculty consisted of eighteen persons, including the clinical assistants. Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell had returned to England, Dr. Emily remaining. As it is impossible for Dr. Blackwell to be present., a letter from her will be read by Dr. Emily Dunning Barringer, Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi's last assistant.

Dr. Annie S. Daniel,

Chairman of the Memorial Committee.

DEAR DOCTOR :—

I regret that I cannot in person join in your tribute of respect and regard to the friend and

at once in medical societies and commanded the respect of the profession.

To many of the women students flocking to New York, she was an inspiration, and not a few of them owed to her their first conception of the breadth and serious importance of the great field of medicine to which they were seeking entrance.

To her learning and enthusiasm, Dr. Putnam Jacobi added a single-hearted sincerity and honesty that was as marked in her intellect as in her character.

She was an unsparing and outspoken critic of shallow knowledge, slipshod methods, and hollow pretence in any shape. These qualities did not always add to her popularity among her contemporaries ; but criticism and stimulus were *just* what were needed at that stage of the work, and gave effective aid to its advance.

Dr. Putnam Jacobi was as warmly interested in furthering progress as in criticising shortcomings, and was always ready to encourage and aid any individual effort at growth, while with every advance in the education of women, both

general and medical, she was in full sympathy.

During the many years of Dr. Putnam Jacobi's devotion to her profession, her scientific interest in it was always pre-eminent. The more urgent the demands of active practice, the more she felt the need of constantly extending scientific knowledge to meet them, and she bent all her energies to that end.

With the ever-widening opportunities of to-day, we may hope that this love of the widest aspects of medicine may always be found among women students, but it will always remain the *especial* distinction of Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi that she brought a conspicuous example, and a powerful influence in this direction, to bear upon the "day of small things" when they were of exceptional value.

**Letter from Mary Putnam to her
Mother, January, 1870**

Letter from Mary Putnam to her Mother, January, 1870

Introductory Remarks by the Chairman

NOT the least of the charming qualities of Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi was her gift of letter writing. One to her mother written in 1870, while at the Paris school, has fortunately been preserved, and reveals in her own words the woman we loved.

91 RUE DES FEUILLANTINES,
Jan. 13, 1870.

MY DEAREST MOTHER :

I received yesterday your letter written just after Christmas. I am glad you managed to have so pleasant a time. As to myself, I spent the day in walking about with Miss Garrett, and almost forgot that it was Christmas, except for entering St. Roch to hear the music. It was the day after each of us had passed an examination, and I at least, was quite tired with the

preparation for it. You will have already received a letter giving an account of it. . . .

It would be worth while to spend four years at one of the first medical schools in the world,—to move heaven and earth, and run into debt and what not, in order to carry out the plans which you have advised. . . . No, indeed, I have already sufficient terror of the demoralization imminent from the atmosphere of New York, with its very slack interest in medical science or progress, its deficient libraries, badly organized schools and hospitals, etc. I am doing my best to accumulate a sufficient fund of original force to make headway against these adverse influences, and to subordinate them to my purposes, instead of allowing them to subordinate me. But to isolate myself completely from medicine and the medical world would be suicidal, and a pure waste of force and time. . . .

Immersion in technical studies is like arsenic eating,—once begun, you must go on, and at a continually increasing dose. I am really astonished to find how this absorption grows upon

me. I take a lively interest in politics, when I can hear the papers without reading them,—but I hardly open a book that has not some reference to the physical sciences or medicine, and all society that is not of this world, although delightful at short doses and long intervals,—bores me if prolonged,—or at least would if I ever prolonged it. . . .

Do not suppose that I labor under any illusions in regard to success. I have a fair prospect,—and I certainly shall exert every energy to serve the patients who may honor me with their confidence,—and thus justify the confidence of others. . . . The public suffrage will never be in proportion to the amount of trouble taken to acquire knowledge and train intellect. But when one has reached a certain point, one becomes entirely indifferent to this public suffrage, one's entire attention is concentrated,—first upon the things themselves, then upon the opinion of the very limited public whose competency one really respects.

The objects that I have in view are the following :

First, To honestly earn my living "in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call me."

Second, To pay my debts.

.

Fifth, To accumulate a medical library equal to the library that Theodore Parker left to the Athenæum, and to secure its enjoyment to all medical students, especially women, for all future generations in New York.

Sixth, To have a fund by which I can pay the services of a reader during the last ten years of my life, when I shall most probably be blind—so much for the ends,—not too extravagant as you perceive, which depend upon "filthy lucre." The others, moral and intellectual, depend almost exclusively upon the amount of knowledge and ability I may succeed in acquiring, and the amount of influence I may be able to exercise, by dint of ideas, obstinacy, force of character, or tact.

These objects resume themselves in :

First, The creation of a scientific spirit

(which at present does not exist,) among women medical students.

Second, This by rigid training based on training I may have myself received and on ideas that may be more or less original.

Third, *Entrée* into the New York Academy of Medicine, in virtue of special medical work that I have already laid out.

Fourth, Pursuit of numerous important problems in Experimental Therapeutics. As a mild social effort by the side of the technical business which should and must absorb me, I intend having social receptions, where it shall be *de règle* for guests to come in afternoon dresses instead of silk. This to be intended, not as a crusade against silk, but a demonstration *à la* Quaker,—that social enjoyment is not necessarily connected with fine clothes, and that people excluded from other houses by lack of means may find at mine comfort and refreshment.

I noticed in the *Nation* a most contemptuous reference to my poor little novellette. Whatever may be the defects of the

piece,—which never pretended to be anything but slight, but correct as far as it went,—I really do not think it can be accused of “crisp smartness.” Well, one cannot expect anything from things they do not give the whole of their minds to, and when I write, I write too easily for the production to be of much value. . . .

Good night—it is midnight. (As usual.)

Your loving daughter,

MINNIE.

Sara King Wiley

Sara King Wiley

In Memoriam—Mary Putnam Jacobi

OUR tears shall fall for those that fail ;
Who, quelled by seen disaster or blank fear,
From trembling fingers pale
Let slip the heavy spear,
And turning, leave the peril of the strife;
For those who droop and pine along our ways,
Idle, and impotent to fight or flee ;
For those who crouch in coverts carefully,
Warm-sheltered from the wind of bitter days,
Shunning the fateful knife ;
For such as lose the vision and the song
That to the free belong ;
For those who stoop from honor, seeking praise ;
For all who, living, never taste of life,
Unequal to its burdens or its throes,
Let fall our tears for those !
No tears for thee ; whose childhood was a quest,
Unwearied, for the best,

Whose youth with ardor breasted fear and wrong,
Cheerful, sustained, and strong ;
Whose womanhood was masterful and free,
Rich in wide powers and tireless industry—
No tears, no tears for thee !

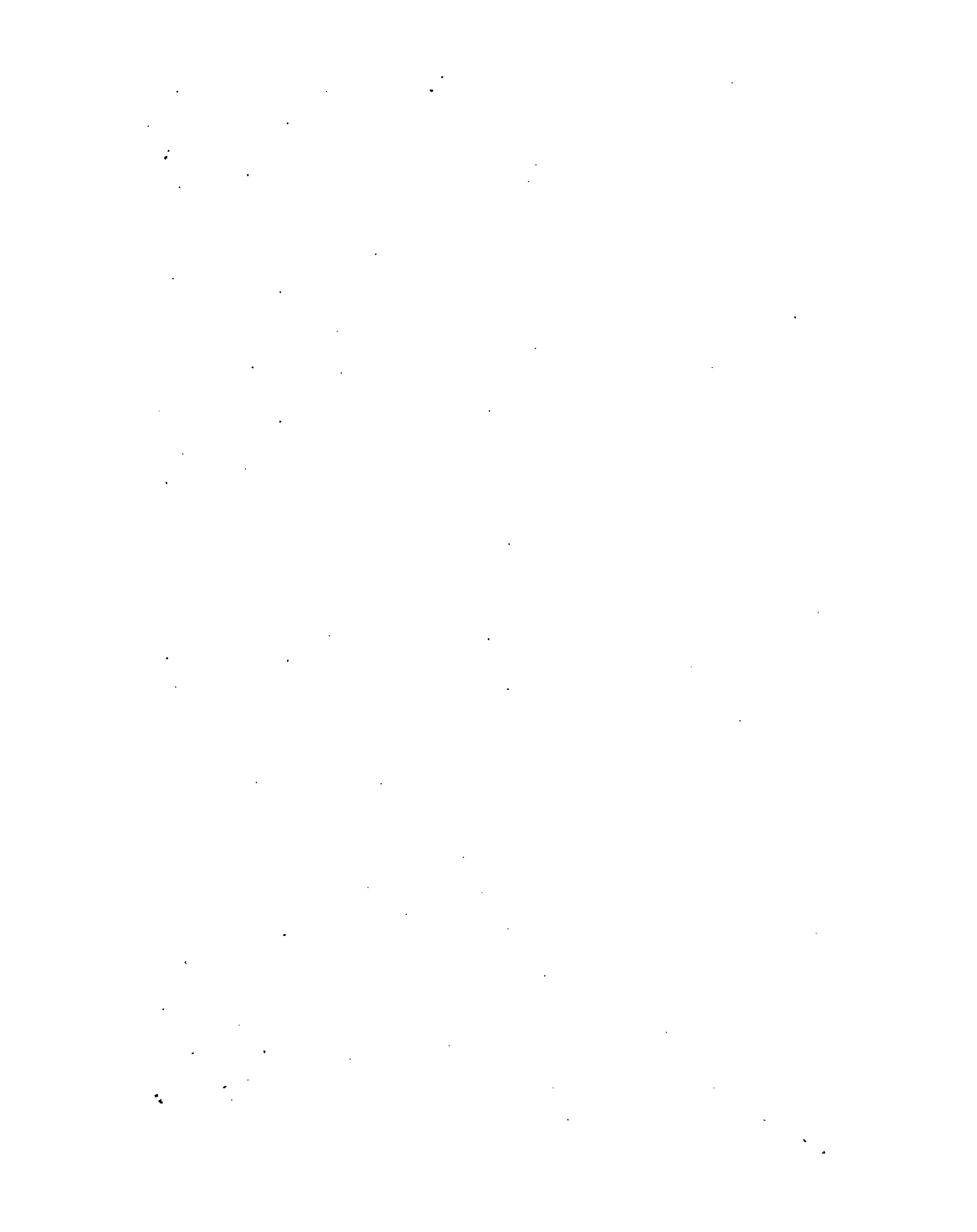
I saw an eager ship disdain the strand ;
Before her prow burst high the shattered foam,
She left the sheltering circle of the land,
Steering away from home ;
The circling gulls with keening cries flew low,
But all the winds that love the fleet and free,
Swooped from the clouds on viewless wings
below.

The vessel dipping in delight,
With canvas swelling white,
Fearless turned forward to the open sea !

I saw a reaper swinging at his toil.
Patient to serve and save the goodly grain,
Sunk in the loamy dust or sliding mire,
He wrought and wrestled in the furrowed soil,
And far and wide his steady steps he bent
Where distant fields with bramble and with briar
Encumbered, cost him weariness and pain ;
Yet still unflagging on his quest he went,
Intent to labor at the task begun,
But human still, with human strength forspent,
Slept on his heavy sheaves ere set of sun.
I saw a runner buffeting the wind
Press to the race in never-pausing flight,

While from his high-held torch the streaming
light
Cast winking sparks along the ways behind
Startling the drowsy night.
Too great the glorious speed ; yet from his hand
Before it fell, the shining torch was ta'en,
And ever onward through the darkling land
Borne toward the distant goal, supreme, divine,
Where, yet inviolate, the virgin shrine
Beams steadily within its ancient fane.

JANUARY 4, 1907.



The Mary Putnam Jacobi Fellowship

The Mary Putnam Jacobi Fellowship

The Women's Medical Association of New York City

DESIRES to pay a permanent tribute to the memory of Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi, by establishing in her name a fellowship, which shall be known as the Mary Putnam Jacobi Fellowship.

Dr. Jacobi's interests were broad and numerous. She lent her influence and gave freely of her time to many movements for advancing the educational, economic, and legal status of women. Among these were The League for the Political Education of Women, The Consumers' League, The Equal Suffrage Association.

In her special domain, that of medicine, she won an international reputation and recognition as a woman physician by opening the École de Médecine of Paris to women medical students. She did pioneer work in gaining admittance to a number of medical societies, thus establishing a precedent for other women. As Professor of Materia Medica and Therapeutics in the Women's Medical College of the New York Infirmary, she was an honor to the institution and an inspiration to her students.

Her unusual spirit of helpfulness which led her to seek every opportunity for women in medicine seemed to make it especially appropriate that a permanent tribute to her memory should be along these lines. This particular form of endowment was decided upon partially in view of the fact that Dr. Jacobi herself felt most keenly the meagre and unequal opportunities for women in post-graduate hospital work.

It is planned that the appropriation of this fund shall be as broad in its scope as possible. Any properly qualified woman graduate of medicine from an American medical school shall be considered eligible for the fellowship. The details as to the final award will be in the hands of a special committee. To have an adequate income it is necessary that the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars be raised.

We most earnestly desire the co-operation of all who are interested in securing better opportunities for women physicians.

Annie S. Daniel, M.D.
Josephine Walter, M.D., *Ex-officio*.
Emily Dunning Barringer, M.D.
Elizabeth M. Cushier, M.D.
Margaret Cleaves, M.D.
Sarah McNutt, M.D.
Louise E. Cordes, M.D.
Eleanor Tomes, M.D.
Alice E. Wakefield, M.D.
Eleanor B. Kilham, M.D.
Mary D. Hussey, M.D.

Mercy N. Baker, M.D.
Elizabeth N. Sturgis, M.D.
Caroline Cabot, M.D.
Marie L. Chard, M.D.
Alice F. Hascall, M.D.
Caroline H. Le Fevre, M.D.
Angenette Parry, M.D.
Mathilda K. Wallin, M.D.
Martha Wollstein, M.D.
Emily Lewi, M.D.
Josephine A. Sherman, M.D.
Helen Baldwin, M.D.
Mary Mitchell Kydd, M.D.
Mary B. Jewett, M.D.
Augusta Vedin, M.D.

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